FUNNY FELLOW'S ADDRESS

TO

P. E. ISLAND.

P

AN

ADDRESS

TO

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

BY

FABRIUS CASSIUS FUNNY FELLOW

A NATIVE.

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BY A NATIVE.

INTRODUCTION.

Tho' other Lands, my native Isle,
  May seem more fair than Thee,
And other skies more brightly smile,
  Than those which now I see;
Yet, never can their charms impart
  Such smiles as shall beguile,
From Thee the homage of this heart,
  My own—my native Isle!
For I have wandered far from Thee,
  In days already flown,
And vainly hoped some clime to see,
  More genial than my own;
But never yet, my native Isle,
  Could foreign lands from me,
Exact more than a parting smile,
  Or wean this heart from Thee—
Whereas, whene'er a time drew nigh,
  In which from Thee I've parted,
I've felt the big tear fill mine eye,
  And left Thee—*broken hearted!*

CANTO I.

'Tis true, that other climes may boast,
  Much that thy soil ne'er grows,
Their sons despise thy frigid coast,
  And style Thee—"Land of crows!"
'Tis true, thy low, flat, sandy plains,
  Scarce loom above the sea,
While feckled gulls and long neck'd cranes,
  Claim pristine right to Thee!
'Tis true, thy oft crop't eaten hills,
  Are now so nigh run out,
That honest *spuds*, in furrs or drills,
  Will scarce upon them sprout!
'Tis true, thy *farmers*, every day,
  With hanging heads complain,
That they can here no longer stay,
  For want of hay and grain!
'Tis true, thy *merchants* seldom choose,
  To heed this common dearth,
Or sell a pair of Yankee shoes,
  For what they're really worth!
'Tis true, thy *statesmen* all are wise,
  And no mistake about it,
That is to say—*in their own eyes*,
  Tho' other people doubt it!

'Tis true, thy Government declare,
Their horse in fine condition,
And spin choice yarns about the rare
And famous—Land Commission!
'Tis true, they seem to count us fools,
Who, tho' we may be *Bards*,
Ne'er learned in our poor country schools,
A thing about *Awards!*
'Tis true, they speak of the *Old Duke*,
In such opprobrious terms,
As if he were a silly Rook,
Scarce fit to feed on worms!
'Tis true, this world-renowed Commission,
The three distinguished *craters*,
Have made a plain and frank admission,
As honest *Arbitrators*—
That thy Land-claimants all have failed,
To do what they were bound,
By contract firm—and hence entailed,
A forfeiture of Ground.
'Tis true, ain't it, if this be fact,
Too true, e'er to be hid
That thy Commissioners were crack't,
In acting as they did?
For who can't see, with half an eye,
The moment they had penned
This great disclosure for us—Why
Their task was at an end?
Ought they not then, just have announced,
To the astonished world,
This glorious fact on which they pounced,
And Freedom's flag unfurled?
'Tis true, ain't it, most plainly true,
This was their duty clear,
Just to have spread this fact they knew,
Nor further interfere?

For if the crown hath wrongly given
  Thy precious soil away,
To those who now beneath wide heaven,
  No righteous claim can lay.
To that same soil, since they all own,
  Their failure to fulfil,
The proper bonds by which alone
  They might have held them still.
There—ain't it plain, yes, more than plain,
  To all except a clown,
That none this wrong can right again
  Save that same British Crown—
Which did the wrong—who else has got
  That prestige in the case,
Which would at once send straight to pot,
  The whole Land jobbing Race?
As for the *Arbitration Clause*,
  'Tis scarcely worth our while,
E'en for a moment here to pause
  To cast on it a smile;
It was so marv'lously absurd,
  For lawyer men like *Grey*
And *Ritchie*, also, to have erred,
  In such a childish way.
As for the t'other wight—*Joe. Howe*,
  Perhaps it simply might,
As we forsooth remember now,
  Be nothing more than right—
To let him know—*my native Isle*,
  If thou no *Statesmen* hast—
As he has said—we back meanwhile,
  Upon himself shall cast
His foul-mouthed obloquy, and tell,
  This same old woman—How
We all do know, and know full well,
  The way to hold a plough—

And that if he had been a man,
Instead of an old *jilt*,
We each to-day might yoke his span,
And whistle at its hilt!
As for our statesmen being slim,
Whate'er by that he meant,
We merely add since seeing *Him*,
We're with our own content!
For if among them all we had,
Such a darn'd lame Logician
As he, we'd quickly stamp him mad,
And give him a commission!
Just look you here, says Howe, 'says he'—
"Your Landlords have no right
Unto your lands, no more than me,
They've lost their titles quite.
But then, you've let them rest so long
In their unjust demands—
That now a *Right* springs from a *Wrong*,
And you must wear the bands."
O, cracky, what a genius now,
Hath risen all at once—
I'm sure the old Duke, Mr. Howe,
Must feel himself a dunce.
The British Government, no doubt,
Will feel their wretched lack
Of talent, after this—and out
In one inglorious pack—
Out from the Parliament rush forth,
Their heads all hanging down,
And plead for thy precocious worth,
The sanction of the Crown!
Our local Government we know,
Endorse thy nonsense fully,
And plead for thee, thou precious *Joe*
Thou Nova Scotia Bully!

With *Pantaloons*, their leader bold,
The greatest and the last,
At least such is the name, I'm told,
He gets in all Belfast.
'Tis thus, my native country thou,
With evil spirits are vex't,
If thou could'st preach a sermon now,
Would this not be thy text :

" There was nigger old whom they
" Call Uncle Jo, but he
" Had not enough of wit to play
" The Banjoe right for me.

" And my own darkie's chief also,
" To make the matter worse,
" Would now back up this old clown Jo,
" And fix for aye my curse.

" Then clear you out as I bid-bid,
" And straight right off to grass,
" For of you both I well were rid—
" My Government and ass !!"

CANTO II.

O yes, 'tis thus grieved Isle, thy doom
Hath hitherto been sealed,
These Politicians dig thy tomb,
But leave thy wounds unhealed.
Thy vex'd Land questions, never can
Be set to rights by them,
Thy sons alone joined as one man,
Thy tide of ills can stem.

They should unite, 'tis plain, as *one*,
And send a joint appeal,
Straight to Britannia's honored crown,
Thy bleeding wounds to heal.
E'en from pure policy, I ween,
They should no longer strive,
Their silly Government to screen
And keep the *Thing* alive.
For why?—Each Government at best,
Is but a *Party thing*,
While of its power to keep posses't
Is its sole acting spring.
And hence, how can the crown but view
Each measure they have past,
As worked by some sly party screw,
To make *their Empire* last?
But, if thy sons shall once unite,
And send a joint Petition
Straight to the Throne, they'll find all right
Without a *Land Commission*.
This is the sole remaining chance,
For us so long oppres't,
To send our enemies to France,
And set our land at rest.
'Tis true, thy Government sublime,
Tho' by their own confession,
They've sat already their full time,
Demand *another session*.
Then, let them sit, who cares how long,
For any good they'll do,
If it would not disturb my song,
I'd throw them an *old shoe!*
Yes, let them sit, their incubation
Will surely hatch at last,
Some wond'rous marvel for the nation,
Some *Chick* of matchless cast!

In fact, my country, thou would'st be,
  In my confirmed opinion,
Much better, wer't thou wholly free,
  From this insane dominion.
Indeed, were I asked as a friend,
  My best advice, in small,
To give thee now, 'twould be thus penned—
  No Government at all!
For men of sense in most of nations,
  Are now so sick of things
Which bears the name—*Administrations*,
  As to sigh oft for wings,
To fly off to some other sphere,
  To see if they can't find
A spot (for none existeth here,)
  Where nothing of the kind,
Its grim Law shadow spreads, for there
  They'd gladly perch, content,
To breathe in peace, pure Freedom's air,
  Forever free from Rent.
But if, My native Isle, there be
  A cranny in this earth,
Were the sweet breath of Liberty
  Ne'er fans a human hearth,
That cranny, my dear native Isle,
  Alas! must be *Thyself*—
For tho' it may provoke a smile,
  Or e'en lay on the shelf—
Some luckless soul of mirthful mould,
  With laughter at the thought,
When we the actual fact have told,
  That thou *Earth's smallest spot*,
Can'st yet boast of a *Government*,
  Quite large enough to do
The public work, (if worth a cent)
  Of France and England too!

But e'en a child, who ne'er saw school,
Quite well aware must be,
Where *all* are Rulers—*none* to rule—
There can't be *Liberty*.
Still, as thy sons are all so witty,
So learn'd and so discreet,
It would, indeed, be a great pity,
To keep *one* from a seat—
In some such safe *menagerie*,
As that which meets each fall,
To do thy public drudgery
In thy Provincial Hall.
And since they all alike can win
Vast Legislative laurels,
Are all alike quite free from sin,
Or perfect in their morals,
T'would be, no doubt, unfair for thee,
With thus no room to choose,
The slightest partiality
In any sense to use;
So that, by sending *all*, as now,
Their common Isle to serve,
In one *huge-sided Assembly*, thou
The best place dost observe;
But where the joke's best cream doth lie,
Is that while, this is true,
They after all require a *Spy*
Their business to do.
Yet, let not foreigners regard,
E'en this with much surprise,
For it cannot be very hard
To see, the reason lies
Herein—Thy Government's so vast,
And have so much before them,
That it requires some un-surpas't
Unknown, to form a Quorum!

But halt, my muse, all jokes aside,
  Here are some plain admissions—
Our land now floods with such a tide
  Of Politics and ticians,
That every schoolboy gravely thinks
  His countrymen should take him,
Else for a *Solon* or a *Hinks*,
  And consequently make him—
A member in the foremost ranks
  Of their statesmen elect,
To cut up just such monkey pranks,
  As monkeys *can* effect.
And hence it is *our Legislation*
  So oft, with no bad face,
Can boast of *whipping all creation*,
  In point of—*pure disgrace!*
And yet for want of better sense,
  We know that e'en a mule,
Without a shadow of pretence,
  Oft dreams he's born to rule,
And tho' his friends may chide his lack
  Of better judgement, still
He'll suffer stripes to break his back,
  Before he'll bend his will.
Alas! my native Isle, from whence
  Dost thou hope for protection,
From just such mules, with just such sense,
  At thy now *close Election?*
For it doth seem that we are soon,
  To be all once more blest,
By such a changing of the moon,
  As shall our land infest—
With myriads of croaking spectors,
  All canvassing for place,
Who will us dog with *bunkum 'Lectors*,
  Tho' we their hides should lace,

Until the great day shall arrive
  Which must decide their fate,
And send back to their darling hives
  The chosen Bees of state.
O these elections, curse their rage,
  They form the *purest farce*
E'er played by man upon the stage
  Of civil life,—to parse
Out any earthly kind of use
  Which they do really serve,
Would need some view far less obtuse
  Than our dim visual nerve!
What, must we have some *Central power*,
  A Government, forsooth,
Our little Revenue to shower
  Like rain in time of drouth,
Back o'er our starving land, to start
  Each plant of useful growth?
Must Bridge and Road each have its part,
  For fear we die of sloth?
Must we have also chosen men,
  To frame and work our Laws,
Altho' 'tis known, we nine in ten,
  Will break them just like straws?
Ye stars!—can we not live and trade,
  Or on the land or sea,
Altho' no silly laws were made
  To rule or you or me?
I do not mean those Laws which God
  Has made to guide our fate,
But those *Dead Rules*, which want the nod
  Of mortal kings, to rate
Them in the calender of Laws,—
  They are at best—*abortions*,
Which may assume, e'en clause by clause,
  All shapes and strange contortions,

Just as each Lawyer's whim may choose,
  Before our eyes to turn 'em,
Indeed, to speak plain truth, my muse,
  T'were little harm to burn 'em;
For sure, *a model state shall be,*
  That—only that—in which,
No branch of all society
  Shall need a Legal switch—
To whip it into what is right,
  In science or in art,
To cause it keep the peace or fight,
  When it should either part
Perform—But when that state of things
  Shall everywhere obtain,
That state, and that alone, which brings,
  To all the greatest gain.
And what shall that true state else be,
  But just where love of self,
Shall not prevent society
  Yielding Law to itself?
What else, but just that perfect form,
  Of Legislation true,
Which shall our neighbor tend no harm,
  By either I or you?
What but that uniform condition
  Of all things most complete,
Which shall prompt all *without permission,*
  To do each work most meet?
Which shall us mould to steal nor kill,
  From no dread sense of *Rules,*
But just because friend conscience will
  Act teacher in our schools.
This, this is what our land requires
  Far more than *ranting Preachers,*
That which is true, alone inspires
  With truth, all moral creatures!

Then, why such credence place in Forms,
  In Governments, such trust
About *Elections*, raise such storms,
  Or kick up such a dust?
Since they can neither give you bread,
  Nor butter to put on it,
From out the grave can't raise your head,
  Nor make it e'en a bonnet?
Believe me, countrymen, *your wives*
  Can yield far more protection,
Both to your property and lives,
  Than any chance Election
Of scheming Rulers you may pick
  And send to Charlottetown,
To legislate for you,—*then stick*
  At home—beside the Gown;
And when the silly fools come out
  To seek your votes in vain,
Just let them know, that you're about
  To cut you're eye-teeth twain—
And that you longer gulled shan't be,
  By *Snatcher* or by *Tory*,
For Tweedle-dum sing Tweedle-dee,
  What'er may be their story.
For of this fact you may at least
  Be just as sure as I
That while they both with you would feast,
  They each will steal your pie.
So that your safest way, is, sooth,
  To serve them both alike,
For if you change them, *here's the truth*,
  You'll just get *Mick* for *Mike!*
Now, if, my country, we have seen
  What would be thy first text,
If thou could'st preach, this, this I we'en
  Would surely be thy next:

"If there ever was upon this Globe,
"A spot distressed with boobies,
"So that it had more cause than Job,
"To strip off all its rubies,

"And lay down in the ashes dry,
"No more its face to wash,
"I'm sure you never can deny,
"This is that same spot—Gosh!

"Then why not do as I ought-ought,
"And kick you to the skies,
"'Cause you are such a plaguey lot—
"My Government and Spies!!"

CANTO III.

But as on Legislation still,
I have some thoughts, to state 'em
May possibly—"my grey goose quill"
Prove a desideratum
Unto the world at large—whose *one*
Great want, I think, appears
To be some *International Sun*,
Around which all its spheres,
May henceforth ever more revolve,
In unison sublime,
And thus, the greatest problem solve,
Which has from e'rst of time,
Been found most difficult to solve,
That problem great, which would
[illegible]
[illegible]

Now, since no Legislation yet,
  On this main truth has hit,
I would this scheme which I beget,
  Unto the world submit.
You know, my brother man, 'tis meet
  All things should have a *middle*,
To make their parts all work complete,
  E'en though it be a *fiddle*.
You know full well, that thus to run
  Its grand conditions right,
The *Solar system* has its *Sun*,
  Its source of life and light!
Then, why not *nations* also crave,
  Their central focus too—
Some *universal Congress* grave,
  To keep their movements true?
For would not thus some *central seat*,
  Selected by them all
In which their wisest men might meet,
  Prevent all War and Thrall?
And would not Local Powers then turn
  All round this *common sun*,
Which in their midst would ever burn,
  And bind them close in *one*?
Such was, in part, for earth's best weal,
  The scheme so lately mooted,
By Garibaldi's self, whose heel
  Was so adroitly *shooted*.
Twere well if others too would fall,
  Into the same opinion,
And thus establish, once for all,
  Some source of sure Dominion,
Which thus might to all nations yield
  A guarantee from wrong,
Might prove alike their "sun and shield,"
  And magnify my Song!!

And if, my native Isle, this scheme,
Should ever be completed,
Of what else spot could nations dream,
In which to have thus seated
This Universal Council Grand,
The World would sure invoke us
For *Thine own self*, my native land,
Earth's centre and earth's focus!!!
And when, my native Isle, the day,
Shall once have really come,
When thou this glorious part shalt play,
We'll drink no longer—*Rum.*
But every son whom thou shalt count,
The purest wine shall sip,
Each on a golden horse shall mount,
And thrice three times shout—*Hip!*
For then, my native Isle, we'll see,
The strangest of all sights,
So strange, that 'mazement mazed shall be,
We'll see *thee get thy Rights!*
We'll see thee Rule the World, Hurray!
And give both Law and light,
To every other land—ay—ay—
T'will be a glorious sight!
But thou thyself, as times now go,
Art govern'd sure by others,
Altho' 'tis passing hard to know,
By whom—*men* or *grandmothers!*
Some say thou'rt govern'd by the Queen,
And this doth please the Bard,
Some, 'praps, who say not what they mean—
Say—by Sir *Sam. Cunard.*
But let them Reign or Rule who may,
Be it, or cock or hen,
Thy sons shall also have their say,
And stick to it like men.

And what say they—"We'll have *Free Soil.*
  Our lands shall be our own,
The honest earnings of our toil,
  No longer shall be thrown—
Away on Tyrants, who will seize,
  In every humbug's name,
Our little all, both bread and cheese,
  While we, poor souls, most tame,
Must stand aside, nor lift a hand,
  To save one pilfered mite,
Tho' we should lose, beside our land,
  Our children's last left bite.
We won't submit. No, earth shan't see,
  Us knuckle down to knaves,
Our war-cry from this day shall be,
  We'll live no longer slaves!"
Here is our platform—this our ground,
  And here we take our stand,
We every mother's son are bound,
  To die—or have *free land.*
We do not mean to say, we'er bound,
  To enter into *Fights,*
Our trumpet has a certain sound—
  We're bound to have our Rights!"
'Tis thus they speak; thy plucky sons,
  My native Isle—Bravado!
There's not a base drop in their veins,
  Nor in their ranks—a maid O.
Now, hold you there, brave boys, don't flinch,
  Your lands shall be your own,
Fight till you gain them inch by inch,
  Or shake the British Throne!
I preach no treason; no not I,
  My muse shall ne'er be caught,
Im[illegible] [illegible], then let her fly—
  [illegible] the very [illegible]!

But she delights to tell the truth,
  Nor fears the face of clay,
And tho' she's only in her youth,
  No youthful part she'll play,
She'll speak *the Truth*; nor fear to stand,
  Up boldly for *the Right*,
So long as craven despots band,
  Our little Isle to blight.
She'll tell the boundless universe,
  The whole wide realm of God,
That her loved country feels the curse,
  Of the oppressor's Rod—
And that that country's stalwart sons,
  Are to a man all bent,
No matter how th' Election runs,
  To put an end to *Rent*.
For sure, this noble continent,
  Is bounded by the sea,
And all America was meant,
  To be forever—*Free*.
Thine Institutions, O loved dust,
  Of Freedom everywhere,
Are based on principles, too just,
  For kings to breathe thine air!
And shall this smallest spot of all,
  This Island owned by thee,
Beneath the despot's black wand fall—
  Thine only spot *Unfree*?
"No, never—rather let us bleed,
  E'en tho' it be not meet
That our loved Isle should e'er be freed
  By Cooper or Escheat,"
Exclaim thy sons, my country fair;
  Thy sons all worthy born,
They yet shall find their humble prayer,
  Great Britain will not scorn!

For they shall all in dale and town,
  Unite in one demand,
Unto Britannia's Gracious Crown,
  To liberate their Land.
They'll state the fact in manly terms,
  That they have long been curst,
By Landlords who crush them like worms,
  Of all despots—*the Worst*.
And that by its own 'per se' act,
  The Crown's and it's alone,
Their land which still should be intact,
  Was most unjustly thrown
Away at first on these *poltroons*
  Who will no quarters give,
To the poor man—who think, the *loons*,
  That they alone should live—
But who shall now, be brought, at length,
  To feel that Britain's Crown,
Has power not merely by its strength,
  To raise—but to *put down*,
And that Prerogative we know,
  Which *Magna Charta* gave,
Is just the place for thee to go—
  Thou crouching landlord's slave!
Our local Government now take
  Upon themselves to splatter,
Without the slightest right to make,
  Or meddle in the matter,
And even *Newcastle*, forsooth,
  Don't seem to be aware,
Of the great fundamental truth,
  Involved in this affair—
That while the British Crown doth stand,
  Its own Prerogative
Must be respected in the land,
  It has the power to *give*,

What'er it please to any one,
  Of that which appertains,
Unto itself, beneath the sun,
  As all land that remains
Unsold, within its wide dominion.
  Just read "Old Blackstone" through
Good Mr. Duke, and this opinion
  You'll find most strictly true.
But if you take him from the shelf,
  "Old Blackstone," you will find,
That nothing but the *Crown itself*,
  Hath power when it doth bind,
A thing this way, *by its own act*,
  That knot again to free,
Just look up for yourself the fact,
  Good Mr. Duke, and see!
What then's your proper course, ye sons,
  Of young Prince Edward Isle,
Who, while winds blow, and water runs,
  Must live by honest toil?
Your proper course, is simply this:
  Petition while you may—
Petition quick, unless you miss,
  The mark by false delay.
No Mitre, Government, or Gown,
  Can aid you much, in fact,
Unless with you they ask the Crown,
  To contravert its act—
And use that same *prerogative*,
  To reassume those lands,
Back to itself—it used to give
  Them to such wrongful hands.
I do not say that you should sue,
  For *sheer point-blank Escheat*,
But that you should demand anew,
  On some fair terms to meet

Your landlord's,--terms laid down so plain,
That neither can mistake them,
Nor be allowed by one loose rein
To disregard or break them.
The Arbitration Clause ain't such,
For e'en, if *wisdom penned it?*
It smacks of German brains so much—
That wisdom can't commend it,
It has a most confounded want,
Of anything decided,
And those who of its merits vaunt,
Have neither proved nor tried it.
Were it in force, they five years hence,
Would bless it with *abuse*—
Would shout—it is devoid of sense,
And wish it to the *deuce*.
But let our Governments beware—
Old Dukes, and Lords and all—
For tho' we don't their sorrow share,
Who wish not to the wall—
This *undefined, indefinite,*
Untenable Award.
Yet we will tell them, *if we'er let*,
That we shan't be debarred—
From seeking what is better far—
A far more moderate price—
Set on our land—*give us this star*—
We'll meet you in a trice!

CANTO IV.

But I must hasten to relate,
Some other things the while,
Which tend as well to mould thy fate,
My loved, my native Isle.
I must not, by the way, forget,
How thy brave *Parsons all*,
Their faces like a flint have set,
To bring about the fall,
Of that *Poor Pius*, friendless soul—
The aged Pope of Rome,
While to deprive him of control,
They arm their *Pope at home!*
The *Parson*, sure, can't bear the *Priest*,
Because he is a Roman,
Who will on his *Peraties* feast,
And vow he cares for no man.
Thy *Ministers*, are doubtless bright,
Like mildest stars they shine,
But yet, each one is bound to fight,
Or spring some Popish mine!
But this has got to be somehow,
An age of war all through,
Then why not Parsons learn to row,
As well as I or you?

Death to thy *Doctors* every one,
  Oh such another set,
Cannot be found beneath the sun;
  'Taint right that they should get
One half the practice that they do,
  Report say they have skill,
Heaven pity us if it be true,
  Only the sick to kill.
Punch says, they would be better far,
  Kept where they ought to be,
In a dram shop, behind a bar,
  No other drug to see—
Save Alcohol itself—but then,
  He adds, they might be let,
Black a stove now and again,
  If they such work can get!
They too, like Parsons, fight when they
  With one another can,
And yet they quite despise, some say,
  All but their own proud clan.
Nor care a fig, nor smooth baubee,
  For their poor patient's lives,
If they can only grab their fee,
  So that themselves and wives
May live in style, and have good times,
  And drink their brandy down—
Still, tho' they be not free from crimes,
  They never wear a gown—
As Parsons and as Lawyers do,
  To make the people think
They neither dance, nor smoke, nor chew,
  Nor taste e'en tea for drink;
Alto' 'tis true that gowns are not,
  Among the class of things,
Which most oppose the bright tea-pot,
  When on the tray it sings—

For thy *old matrons*, to a man,
My country, one and all,
Are sure to meet oft as they can,
To have a grand Tea squall!
And thy *Schoolmasters* to forsooth,
Like well their tea to sip,
Altho' they charge the verdant youth,
To dash it from his lip—
And many other lessons wise,
These Pedagogues severe,
Are known to teach our little boys,
For fifty pounds a year!
Thy *Lawyers*, also, are all famed,
For smartness in their way,
Altho' they never can be blamed,
For anything they say.
For when they have a cause to plead,
They scarcely speak a word,
There ignorance of laws indeed,
Prevents them being heard.
But still, they deem it no disgrace,
To plead this shabby way,
For tho' they often lose their case,
They never *miss their pay!*
Thy *Printers* print such fulsome stuff,
And tell so many lies,
That they may deem it quite enough,
To know, we them despise.
When'er they meet a man in rags,
They brighten like a taper,
Because they know his streaming flags,
Will soon be turned to *paper!*
Thy *Millers* too, plain, honest males,
Believe the human soul,
When placed upon a pair of scales,
More light by far than *toll!*

Thy *Smiddies*, likewise, are well known,
To place great faith in *mettle*,
Still, in no pocket, but their own,
They think it e'er should settle!
As for thy *Daughters*—ah, how fair!
My pen drops from my hand,
Full sure am I that none so rare,
E'er grew in foreign land!
They are so charming and so *free*,
And yet such vast hoops bind them,
That one can never clearly see,
Exactly where to find them!
But I am wrong, thy *Bach'lors* can,
(Thy bachelors are legion),
All manage pretty well to scan,
The *gals'* distinctive region!
But *Widdowers* must *strike a match*,
(Such men we all respect),
Before they can a female catch
Or even, well detect—
Her whereabouts among the hoops,
And feathers gay, and broaches,
And bonnets with such awful swoops,
As quite to stop—*approaches!*
But tho' these obstacles oppose,
The ladies must be courted,
And hence we would advise our beaux,
(We hope they'll not report it),
To carry ladders on their backs,
When they pay their *distresses*,
Unto the *Jades*, since to get smacks,
Without destroying dresses,
In any other way, indeed,
Were quite beyond their reach,
While by this plan they may succeed,
Unless the ladies *screech!*

Oh, Woman! counterpart of man,
  Whoever gets must win thee,
He acts, I fear, the wisest part,
  Who puts no credence in thee!
For it would almost seem, that thou,
  We'rt only made to *vex*—
Poor man, by trifling with his vow,
  And flirting with his sex.
And yet, what can the sick wretch do,
  Who gets inveighed with thee,
For while he seldom finds thee true,
  He still feels loath to miff thee.
And when he strives to act the man,
  And think no more about thee—
He finds, that do what else he can,
  He ne'er can do without thee!
Then why deceive his trusting soul,
  Which strives in vain to mate thee,
As if thou could'st his love control,
  Or cause his heart to hate thee?
I'll say no more fair ladies here,
  I ask your pardon truly,
If you can once make it appear,
  That *men* art so unruly!
Thy *Volunteers*, my native Isle—
  I well nigh had forgot 'em,
We'll now review them rank and file,
  Before their foes have shot 'em;
We know of them 'twill ne'er be *sed*,
  (Tho' each man has a gun),
In battle they have 'fought and bled,'
  But that they've—'cut and run.'
For if they ever be called out,
  They are so finely drilled,
We're sure they'll [illegible] some spot,
  [illegible]

Thy *Authors*,—no, t'were worse than folly,
Their portrait e'en to try,
Since Carlyle or great Bab. Macaulay,
Must sink among the fry
Of smallest fish, when made to stand,
My native Isle, beside,
Thine own immortal SUTHERLAND,
Whom we all claim with pride,—
For sure, the world itself must own,
Him prince of modern writers,
And what Historian, but thine own,
Shall all admiring citers,
Forbid it heaven! My country save!
Oh may she never shed—
A tear upon the mighty grave,
Of such illustrious dead!
Until the latest years of time,
From henceforth make their *Moddle*:
So sure as I now pen this rhyme,
He's next to *Mrs. Caudle*!
Thy Magistrates, an upright brood,
Are not much skilled in Law,
So, 'twould be wrong altho' we could,
To pick in them a flaw.
'Tis said, thy Judges, scarce can tell
The culprit from the jury,
Tho' were we on their faults to dwell,
'Twould set them in a fury.
Yet, since 'tis thus quite often *sed*,
They aint the best of creeters,
We'll pray for others in the stead
Of Hodgson and of Peters.
Thy Poets are a kind of birds,
Which graced not former ages,
And may be ranked with all such herds,
As should be kept in cages.

They may have wings, but cannot mount
Thy top, O tall Parnassus,
Thy secret, sweet, Hellenic fount,
Must ne'er be drink for asses;
Some of LePage's Rhymes may do,
Mere prosy folks to tire,
Yet all, except a precious few,
Should be refined by *fire!*
Yes, thou, my country, long shalt boast
Of mighty names in shoals,
There's one within itself a host,
It spells—GEORGEGGY COLES!
And that thy oratorial Guns,
May never want for Rammers,
Thou hast some *eruditish* sons,
Both Havilands and Palmers!
As for thy Whelan, Howe and Young,
We do not count them much,
They all from Nova Scotia sprung—
Which never yet could touch
Thyself, my native Isle, in ought,
That it hath e'er produced,
'Tis hard, indeed, to tell what brought,
Such fellows to thy coast!
Thou hast besides, some leading minds,
In science and in art,
Some of the first can chalk out lines,
The last can make a cart!
Thou also, hast some Colleges,
Old Oxford far before,
In which thy youth drink *knowledges*
From the fount-head of Lore.
And thou hast in those Colleges,
Professors, too, who pour,
O'er the young mind *these knowledges*,
Of all things and—*some more!*

The only pity is, indeed,
  They are of Foreign birth,
For out of *thine own magic shade*
  Springs little of much worth!
So that we safely may conclude,
  Thy Ingles's and Websters,
Instead of coming to intrude
  Were better catching Lobsters!
Thou hast, moreover—*cities vast*,
  And scenes of rare renown,
What known Metrop'lis in times past,
  Can match *Great Charlottetown*?
And then—who has in any case,
  In hist'ry e'er descried,
The slightest mention of a place,
  Which grew like *Summerside*?
Old Malpeque's praise, 'twere vain to sing
  My Muse, thou needst not try—
Her grandeur would outmatch thy wing,
  Thou canst not soar so high!
She once upon a time, long past,
  Began her Town to rear,
And yet that town while time doth last,
  Can ne'er be made appear!
But tho' she still that vacant spot,
  May find her townless boast,
Which sold at eighteen pence a lot
  I'll give her here this toast—
Old Malpeque, thou shalt ever seem
  To me the pride of earth,
For in thyself, unless I dream,
  I had my starless birth.
And what live mortal will not praise
  The nook where he was born,
[illegible]
[illegible]

And when shall I, that mortal see,
  Who spent more joyous days
Than those, Old Malpeque, spent by me;
  Around thy creeks and bays?
For have I not most wond'rous pranks,
  Performed upon their sands;
Oft on them ships made without planks,
  Altho' not without hands?
And then, how oft o'er Richmond's brim,
  Some chosen stone I threw,
To coax my brave old Oscar swim,
  My brave old dog so true!
O youth, of each brief stage of life,
  The purest, first and best—
The freest far from care and strife,
  The most completely blest.
O that I could but sip once more,
  Thy buoyant, brimful cup
Of pleasures, o'er life's journey's o'er,
  And all its games are up!
Of *Eleanor*—we all well know,
  There as a great complaint
That its a wicked spot, altho',
  Called for a famous saint!
Some say, however, that 'tis cast,
  E'en thus, far in the shade,
By *Georges' town* and by *Belfast*,
  Our great empores of trade!
And is not *Cavendish*, a word
  Of which the sons of earth
Have all—as that place often heard—
  Where wisdom took its birth?
New London, too—but stay my Muse,
  My strelling muse forbear,
Sure nothing in the shape of news,
  E'er reached us yet from *thee!*

And there the *Bonny Lassie* lives
  Whom I love best of all:
The sweetest flower the summer gives,
  Beside her cheek would pall.
But, ah! her beauty like the flower,
  Alas! must fade e'erwhile—
Refusing e'en 'neath Love's warm shower,
  Back on these eyes to smile!
And why should I not then incline
  Reason's just voice to hear,
And bend no more at Beauty's shrine,
  Although within her sphere?
No Power can e'er impress a soul—
  Not lured by *sensual Love*—
Into its service or control,
  Only the Power above.
Happy the man who thus e'er lives
  Not lured by Beauty's Rose,
Selecting not the sweets it gives,
  Till life ebbs to a close!
Oh! may the Powers sweet Girl ordain,
  No other lot for me—
Than this—that I may thus refrain
  To pluck one flower, save Thee!
For thus it is I must perform
  The thing which I profess,
Nor suffer anything to charm,
  Nor anything to bless
My life—which does not spring from Thee,
  My natal spot of Earth;
Thou art—and thou shalt ever be,
  My country from my birth—
Until I shall resign my breath,
  For even then I'll lie
Me down beneath thy sod in death,
  Thee still to glorify!

The fact is, my dear native Isle,
We should despise all others
And those imported to thy soil
Thy sons should scarce call brothers!
And since we know this is the case,
I'll end my speech to Thee,
Thou art Thyself *The Biggest Place*—
"So mote it ever be"!
For who shall ever half recite
Each marv'lous fact by name,
Or who, my native Isle, indite
In full thy rising fame?
Let *Nova Scotians*, then, beware,
How they Thy sons salute,
Since they were always found no-where,
When matched with them to shoot!
To *Brunswickers*, we merely say,
Tho' Samson was a child,
He Giants slew as big as they,
And also near as *wild*!
Let Foreigners in fact, all know,
That tho' we a'int Yan-*kees*,
Yet we, as well as they, can *blow*,—
OUR ISLAND'S IN THE SEAS!!

CONCLUSION.

Yes, in the seas, just where it's been
Since first it was created,
Although no one has ever seen
The date exactly stated

In which it rose from out the ocean,
An Infant at its birth,
And caused such undefined commotion,
Among the sons of earth!
But tho', my native Isle, thy age
Has not been fixed by Moses,
When he wrote out that ancient page—
The Book of Genesoses;
Yet this we know, that here thou art,
The greatest place afloat,
And tho' thou mayst have had thy start
Long since old Moses wrote,
Thou canst already boast of *Frogs*,
And *Flies*, and *Fleas*, and *Lice*,
And other reptiles such as *Dogs*,
Mosquitoes, *Rats*, and *Mice*,
More numerous, by far, and bold,
Than Egypt land e'er owned,
Altho' that vexed spot we're told,
Once, 'neath such vermint groaned!
No wonder, then, my native Isle,
So many critters claim,
A natural title to thy soil,
Thou Land of deathless Fame!!
No wonder that, *Proprietors*,
And mice, and maggots, too,
And other such like Rioters,
Would make of thee a stew,
On which they would forever feast,
Were we not to molest them,
BUT WAR WE WILL with each wild beast,
Until we've dispossest them
Of every inch of ground—but stay,
My tuneful Lyre—enough,
Since we'll do this, I'll stop thy lay,
And take a pinch of snuff!

Yes, stop thy lay, and hang thee up,
  Thy country's fame is sung,
That Fame, we'll drink in every cup,
  And speak with every tongue!
Long mayst thou live with glory crowned,
  May we all live e'erwhile,
Thy Name, and Fame, and Shame to sound—
  THOU MAGNACOIOUS ISLE!!!
But now to terminate or reach,
  Our Poem's tippmost candle,
We'll give that which if thou couldst preach,
  Would be thy *Textus Moddle*:
  "Of all the Regions the big squash,
    We call the Earth, e'er owned,
  None of them ever has, by gosh!
    Like this same old spot groaned,
  Beneath so many savage creeters—
    All seeking for their prey—
  Such as Proprietors and SHEETERS,
    They eat me all away;
  Then why don't my sons rise up—up,
    And drive them off to France,
  That we may sing THE SPOON AND CUP,
    And all the turkeys dance ???"

SONG IN FULL.

There was a nigger old, whom they,
  Call Uncle JOE, but he
Had not enough of wit to play
  The Banjo right for me.
And my own Darkies—chief, also,
  To make the matter worse,
Would now back up this old clown JOE,
  And fix for aye my curse.

Then clear you out as I bid—bid,
And start right off to grass,
For of you both I well were rid,
My Government and Ass!
If there ever was upon this Globe,
A spot distress'd with Boobies,
So that it has more cause than Job,
To strip off all its rubies,
And lay down in the ashes dry,
No more its face to wash,
I'm sure you never can deny,
This is that same spot, gosh—
Then why not do as I ought—ought,
And kick you to the skies,
Cause you are such a plaguey lot—
My Government and Spies!
Of all the Regions the big squash,
We call the Earth, e'er owned,
None of them ever has, by gosh!
Like this same old spot groaned
Beneath so many savage creeters,
All seeking for their prey,
Such as Proprietors and Skeeters,
They eat me all away—
Then why don't my sons rise up—up,
And drive them off to France,
That we may sing the spoon and cup,
And all the turkeys dance???

THE END.

ERATTA.

Introduction—6th line, for "smiles" read *thrills.*
Page 8—26th line, for "feel" read *own.*
Page 9—6th line, for "spirits" read *sprites.*
Page 11—4th line, for "this" read *their.*
Page 12—9th line, for "safe" read *sage.*